

The Bogmen "The Third Rail"

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Dear Mr. Good I'm writing to tell you about my child
He's in the fifth grade and very dangerous
He thinks he's smarter than you and I and everybody
else

So play him like a Maestro would play a cheap violin
Let him think he's the ringleader
Then in mid-circus pull the rug out from under him

My fear is that he's nearing the third rail
He's kneeling to another angry idol
And I can see it as his face is getting pale
That he's on his way out of this world

This sudden spat of insanity needs a good fat dose of
humility
Otherwise a dictator will arise in class and rule by fear
So, before he gets too old to know what we're doing
right now
Before he gets too old to turn a deaf ear, turn it back
my way

My fear is that he's nearing the third rail
He's kneeling to another angry idol
And I can see it as his face is getting pale
Getting nowhere on no one's referrals
Getting nowhere on no one's referrals

He's on his way out of this world
He's on his way out of this world
He's on his way

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